

A NEW
L I T A N Y
 Very proper to be read by a merry
S O C I E T Y
 OVER A
GLASS of GOOD LIQUOR.

FROM a Poet that's proud of his Wit and his Parts,
 From a Beauty that boasts of her conquering Hearts,
 From a false *Irish* Friend who has Aversion to Farts.

Libera nos Domine.

From a Wife that's a Scold, and a Whore that is common,
 From a Puritan Guide and a Priest that is *Roman*,
 From the Gripes of the State and the Rage of a Woman.

Libera, &c.

From the Flattery of Fools and Contempt of the Wise,
 From a Sycophant's Tales and Fanatical Lies,
 From a Pastoral Wolf in a Shepherd's Disguise.

Libera, &c.

From a Prodigal Critick that always is Snarling,
 Who doats on his Muse as a wonderful Darling,
 Altho' she's too dull to supply him with Sterling,

Libera, &c.

From a talkative Coward that boasts of his Deeds,
 From a blockhead that Credits whatever he reads,
 From our Heroes at home that take Towns in their Beds.

Libera, &c.

From the Fate of offending of those that defend us,
 From a long Information and damn'd Inuendoes,
 From the Saints that betray when they say they'll befriend us.

Libera, &c.

From the Rage of an upstart fanatical Mother,
 From the Spleen of an Author that envies a Brother,
 Who never affronted him one way or other.

Libera, &c.

From a Knave that will tawn for his sinister Ends,
 From a Fool that foments a Dispute among Friends,
 From a Man that for Pawn-brokers Interest lends.

Libera, &c.

From a miserly Cit that will brag of his Pelf,
 From the Pride of a wealthy diminutive Elf,
 From the Cynick that hates all the World but himself.

Libera, &c.

From a Tryal of Wit where a Fool is the Judge,
 From a grave *Radamantus* that bears an old Grudge,
 From the Care of much Wealth or becoming a Drudge.

Libera, &c.

From the Pyrating Printer that gets nothing by't,
 From the Blockhead that tells me which way I shall write,
 From the Rhimes of a Dunce full of Malice and Spite.

Libera, &c.

From a witty Cabal who are thirsting for Bays,
 And advise us in Satyr to scribe in Praise,
 Of a *Worthy* more fitting for them and their Lays.

Libera, &c.

From a troublesome Howlet that hoots in the Dark,
 Whose Poetical Fire is no more than a Spark,
 From the Whelps that will bite, not from those that will bark.

Libera, &c.

From an Author with Envy just ready to burst,
 From his wretched Epitomes damnably curst,
 'Cause he leaves out the best and collects all the worst.

Libera, &c.

From the Tale of a Tub, both in *English* and *Latin*,
 With his Bagford and Bull and the Devil knows what in,
 To shew us that Fools must be writing or prating.

Libera, &c.

From a Man that is rigid, when *Jack* in an Office,
 From the powerful Nods of a parcel of Sophies,
 From a Prodigal Tool and a petulant Novice.

Libera, &c.

From the Mercy of those who had never Good Nature,
 From the Power of him that's a Monarchy-Hater,
 From the Frowns of a Bench and the Stings of a Satyr.

Libera, &c.

From the Saint that talks fair with Design to deceive,
 From the Knave that does Mischief, then laughs in his Sleeve,
 From the Party whose Maxim is not to forgive.

Libera, &c.

From a Man that abundance of Friendship pretends,
 Who in publick his Bounty and Kindness extends,
 But in private converts it to Sinister Ends.

Libera, &c.

From a Fop of Nice Honour who wears a long Sword,
 That will Curse like a Scoundrel, and huff like a Lord,
 And is ready to draw if you speak a miss Word.

Libera, &c.

From a Bottle Companion who swears o'er the Creature,
 He is so much your Friend that no Man can be greater,
 But as soon as you part turns his Love into Satyr.

Libera, &c.

From a Cursed Repeater of Verses and Puns,
 From a Pedant that's stuff'd with his Gerunds and Nouns,
 From the Parish Church-wardens, and Importunate Duns.

Libera, &c.

From Weavers and Tailors set up to be Teachers,
 And Broken Fanaticks turn'd eminent Preachers,
 From Sodomites, Flogsters, and such sort of Leachers.

Libera, &c.

From the Frenzy of Zeal creeping into our Brains,
 From the Pox and the Prophets brought over from *France*,
 From depending on Friends and from dying by chance.

Libera, &c.

From the Frantick Opinions which many pursue,
 From a Guide that's unlearn'd, and a Faith that is new,
 From believing News-Papers, as if they were true.

Libera, &c.

From the Miserly Wretch that dissembles and prays,
 Who can temper his Conscience all manner of ways,
 And amidst of his Villanies talke much of Grace.

Libera, &c.

From the Fangs of the Laws both the Common and Civil,
 From the Bounds of a Jayl, and the Pennyles Evil,
 From a Bailiff, Informer, *Umpho* and the Devil.

Libera nos Domine.